

FEARS HUSBAND IS A VICTIM AND NOT A FUGITIVE

William L. Smith Did Not Escape From Ward's Island, Wife Believes.

ASKS INVESTIGATION.
Told of Horrors After He Was Informed of Plan for Release.

In the belief that there is more behind the reported escape of her husband from Ward's Island on last election night than has been told her by a curt note informing her that her husband escaped from the institution, of which The Evening World some time ago revealed the inner workings, Mrs. William L. Smith, of No. 250 Washington avenue, has engaged John H. Rogan, an attorney, of No. 145 Nassau street, to demand a full investigation at the hands of the State Board of Lunacy.

Smith, a man of fifty years, was committed to the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island on June 17 this year. He had delusions that enemies were seeking to attack his family, and on one occasion locked the doors of his home and inspected all the food that was eaten in the belief that there was a plot to poison him.

Ready to Release Him.
On Sept. 15 last Dr. Phillips, of the medical staff of Ward's Island, reported that there was no reason why Smith should not be restored to his family provided they gave him due care.

Mrs. Smith visited her husband a few days ago with the information that an order for the filing of a bond for his release had been procured from Justice Gerard and that in a few weeks he would be with his family once more.

Smith was much cheered and was looking forward eagerly to coming home, said Mrs. Smith to an Evening World reporter. She added that Smith said:

"I have much to tell you of the horrors of this place, but I cannot now. I have seen murder done here with my own eyes."

Yesterday Mrs. Smith received the following note from the hospital signed "Dr. Mahon":

"Dear Madam—Your husband escaped from this institution on the night of Nov. 3. Please watch for him at your home and report any news of him at once to the authorities of the Manhattan State Hospital."

What She Feels.

Mrs. Smith visited the island immediately and was told, she says, that her husband had picked the lock of a door leading onto a fire-escape and escaped.

"I do not believe the story told me," said Mrs. Smith to-day. "I am convinced from hints dropped by one or two friendly attendants that I have not been told the whole truth. By the authorities on Ward's Island, my husband was feebly and weak, who was to get an implement of the knowledge necessary to pick a lock? Why should he try to escape when he was free? His freedom was only a few hours off. I have engaged Mr. Rogan to urge that an investigation be made of the case of my husband who, I am convinced, did not try to escape at all, but being not tempered with the same treatment as the Evening World described in its columns at the time of its investigation."

"UNCLE JOE" IN TOWN.

Speaker Here to Go Over Congressional Returns.

Speaker Cannon arrived in the city to-day accompanied by Congressman McKinley, of Illinois, who is chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee.

The Speaker and Mr. McKinley went into a conference with Secretary Lousenburger over the Congressional returns and a statement probably will be issued later in the day. Speaker Cannon declined to make any statement until he had gone carefully over all the returns.

DINNER TO MINISTER WU.

Diplomat and Wife to Be Honor Guests at Lakewood.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister to the United States, and Madame Wu Ting Fang will be guests of honor at a dinner and reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian, at their home, No. 560 Madison avenue, Lakewood, N. Y., Saturday, Nov. 7. Many other distinguished people will be present.

Minister Wu will make an address upon the friendly relations existing between the United States and China, and advocate a closer commercial union.

A Composer of "Big Things."

Although but a young man, and possessing a remarkably youthful face, Manuel Klein, the conductor of the huge Hippodrome orchestra, and composer of the musical numbers of the colossal spectacles that are exploited on its stage, the magnitude of this task can be readily understood when it is taken into consideration that every song must be of a distinct type, one whose lyric adapts itself so that the singer can make every word understood to the top of the highest gallery, two full city blocks from the stage.

These songs must also possess the greatest tunefulness and be of the popular variety that will appeal to the masses and form the greater part of the repertoire of the orchestra in spite of these handicaps, Mr. Klein has written a number of songs that have become great public favorites. Principal among them may be mentioned "The Good Bye," "The Society Circus," "The Little Girl," "The Battle of the Skies."

In the season's show every song seems to be a hit and he has written "The Raging Flame," "The White Horse Round," "When the Circus Comes to Town," "The Candy Song" and "For Love Is King."

Besides writing these between times, he occasionally turns out a comic opera, two notable ones which he already has to his credit being "The Little Girl" and "The Battle of the Skies."

Man from Now. He is also a composer of part of the music from "The Top of the World."

Boy Violinist's Triumph Solaces His Mother for Her Own Lost "Career"

Mrs. Spalding, Who Gave Up Music for Domestic Life Happy in Success of Her 20-Year-Old Son and Has No Regret for Sacrifice.

Tells of His Early Love of Music Which Gratified Her Secret Wishes, and Her Joy in His Attainments—He Talks of His Art.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

Just think of having the very dearest wish of your heart gratified! No wonder Mrs. J. Walter Spalding is such a happy woman, for that is exactly what has happened to her. To be sure, she has waited twenty long years, and has actually worked and denied herself many pleasures for the last twelve of them to attain her wish, but in the American debut of her son, Albert Spalding, as a violinist of recognized attainment her unselfish efforts are crowned with perfect reward.

Mrs. Spalding is not the type that is given to violent visible signs of elation. Her face, with its unusual firmness of chin, is almost like a mask in its superlative impassiveness, but beneath—well, one catches glimpses of "beneath" through her eyes. But she does not like a stranger to read too surely the depths of her pride and love, and so she has formed a habit of quickly glancing aside when her son's work is praised to her. She could not, however, suppress a jubilant ring in her voice as she told of his rapid climb to success, although she spoke quickly and with an obvious endeavor to attain impartiality.

Gave Up Career for Home.

"I would have been a professional musician if I had not married," Mrs. Spalding remarked in reference to her son's early privacies. In fact, I had made several appearances that were practically professional when I decided to give it all up for a domestic life. I wanted to sing and I was particularly fond of the piano. But Mr. Spalding would not permit the suggestion that I continue public performances after our marriage. So I could not help thinking when Albert was born, twenty years ago, how fine it would be if he should develop a fondness for music—should in a measure take up the career that I had relinquished.

At the very first, when he was a little bit of a fellow, two or three years old, and he would sit quietly and patiently beside me while I played the piano, I used to assure myself it was because he loved me. It seems incredible that a child so young as that could be so fond of music.

Then I was so anxious, so fairly wild for him to love it, that I used to try to argue myself out of the belief that there was anything phenomenal about his evident passion for it. It was dreadfully difficult for me to hope only to suffer disappointment.

He Decided at Seven.

"When Albert was seven years old—I think I will never forget it—we had returned one afternoon from a concert. Albert was very quiet and seemed to be thinking. Suddenly he said, 'Mother, I would like a violin.' Of course I was amazed. He was so young to say such a thing, and besides a violin is hardly the instrument that you would expect a child, little more than a baby, to select."

"You could not play it, my son, if you had it," I told him, but he answered: 'Yes, I could. I could learn.' Well, as it turned out, he got the violin—that is just about all there is to tell," Mrs. Spalding finished suddenly.

"Fortunately, we were able to provide him with the very best masters, and surround him with the finest books and pictures. I suppose that has helped him to develop so perfectly and so rapidly. His interest from the first has apparently never flagged, and after the first year or two he seemed willing and anxious to play as much as we would allow him to, either for our friends or when he was alone."

Only once, when he was a little chap of nine years, I remember," Mrs. Spalding went on, with a far-away smile, "he did not care to play. Some friends of mine who had dropped in were anxious to hear how Albert was progressing in his music. Albert was reading something very interesting, and he was loath to put his book aside. Finally, when I practically insisted that he oblige our guests, he snapped the book shut rather sharply, and exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, I wish I wasn't so talented!'"

Mother Has No Regrets.

"We have often teased him about it since, and I often repeat it to him now, when he is very tired sometimes, or when some of the annoyances of his profession arise. Then I tell him: 'Oh, Albert, I wish you were not so talented!'"

"And have you really ever wished it? Do you ever regret your own sacrifice for his talent—the many long years in foreign countries—so that he might study, the constant drain on your strength and will to encourage him?"

"Never for one minute," Mrs. Spalding replied without hesitation. "The life that my son has chosen is exactly the life that I would have chosen for him. His success is the greatest gift for which I would have prayed. As far as encouragement goes Albert has needed little of that. Of course, it has been better that I should be beside him, but he has naturally the most sunny and open-hearted of dispositions, but—the dear object and the object of our conversation entered, and the mother ended her talk with an introduction.

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MRS. J. WALTER SPALDING.

hand-clasp that betrays the enthusiasm of youth, although his general bearing suggests a greater maturity than he is actually attaining. Two or three random questions served to establish the fact, as well, that the boy's mind has far outstripped his years in the race of life.

Music Varies With Moods.

"My favorite composer?" he remarked vaguely. "I scarcely know. In some moods one will appeal to me, in other moods another. Of half a dozen different composers I could not say that I liked one more than another. How could I? They are each so perfect in their way. I only know that in certain moods I fit unconsciously to certain masters to interpret them."

"I think I like best to play before an audience," he replied, to another question. "There is a certain amount of electricity in the air that is not present when one is quite alone. If you can put your audience with you—there is an exchange of dynamic force and appreciation that uplifts you, and spurs you on to do your best."

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LOST ONE DAY'S WORK ENDS LIFE IN MILLS HOTEL

'V. J. Aschke,' Residence Not Known, Goes to His Room and Shoots Himself.

Two revolver shots were heard in Mills Hotel No. 1, No. 100 Broadway street, at 7 o'clock this morning, shortly after a tall, athletic young chap had run through the washroom talking wildly.

There were fifteen hundred men in the hotel at the time. On the seventh floor the hotel clerks tried a door that would not open. The door was forced, and on the bed was the body of the young man, who had been acting queerly. In his right hand was clamped a revolver, and there were two bullet holes through his left side.

Three weeks ago the suicide came to the hotel for the first time, and registered as 'V. J. Aschke.' He was about twenty-seven years old, and better dressed than the average lodger at the hotel, but he was evidently out of work and hard up.

The day before election he confided to a fellow lodger that he had a job. He said:

"I'm going to be a watchman at the polls to-morrow, and there is \$5 in it for me."

Tuesday morning several men came to the hotel for the election. They talked with him for a time, and one of the lodgers gave him a drink. More drinks were bought, and when time came for him to go to work he was drunk.

"I lost that \$5," he said yesterday morning, "and I needed it. I drink has put me down and out again."

The men spent yesterday and last night in his room. He was hollow and pale and possibly hungry when he showed up this morning in the washroom. The men saw the lodger, and he was drunk or else mad. They took him to his room and a few minutes later he hanged himself to death.

The coroner took charge of the body and will examine what effects he left with him. The hopes of establishing his identity.

Supt. Sweets of the hotel believes the man came from New York to obtain a living and failed because he couldn't get a job. Then he went crazy.

Blankmeyer Sentenced to a Twenty Year Term, Counsel Finds Point for Delay.

A novel legal point was raised before Judge Foster in the Court of General Sessions to-day by Arthur Train, counsel for John H. Blankmeyer, who pleaded guilty last week to killing his mother-in-law, Mrs. Christina Moldinger, last June, at No. 14 West One Hundred and Forty-fourth street. As a result of Mr. Train's action the Court of Appeals will probably be required to pass upon the legality of the statute providing for punishment for murder in the second degree.

The sentence specified by law is imprisonment for not less than twenty years or up to the limit of the life of the culprit. When Blankmeyer was arraigned to-day Judge Foster imposed the twenty-year sentence.

Mr. Train promptly took exception. He quoted another provision of the law imposing a sentence of imprisonment to regulate the time that the prisoner shall be released between the months of May and November. This law was passed to avoid turning convicts out in cold weather.

If Blankmeyer is sentenced for not less than twenty years he gets no allowance for good behavior, and if the sentence stands he would not be released until November, 1929. Mr. Train held that this would conflict with the statute calling for the release of convicts after the expiration of their terms in the summer months.

Judge Foster said that the law was mandatory. He inflicted the sentence called for, and Mr. Train said he would take steps for an appeal. In the meantime, Blankmeyer will remain in the Tombs.

\$1,300 JUDGMENT AGAINST PRINCE HELIE DE SAGAN.

Dealer in Antiquities Claims Commission From Mme. Gould's Second Noble Husband.

PARIS, Nov. 5.—Prince Helie de Sagan, who married Mme. Gould a few months ago, was directed by a court yesterday to pay \$1,300 to Chauvin, a dealer in curiosities and antiquities, through Chauvin, Prince Helie bought, eight years ago, several souvenirs of the famous Gen. Marceau, including the General's seal and the plumes he wore in battle.

The Prince paid \$5,000 for these mementoes, and Chauvin claimed \$1,300 as his commission. The Prince refused to pay, but offered no defense in the suit.

TO FIGHT TRANSFER ORDER.

Belitt Line Attorney Makes a Formal Objection.

William W. Dykman, attorney for the Central Park, East and North River Railway (Belt line), to-day informed the Public Service Commission that his company would oppose the transfer of the company requiring a transfer interchange with the Metropolitan system on Nov. 14.

The company was required to show cause why the order of the Commission should not go into effect. Mr. Dykman stated that the transfer arrangement was not acceptable to his company. Another hearing will be had before the Commission to-morrow.

B. C. MARSH TO LECTURE.

Benjamin C. Marsh will deliver a lecture to-night at 8:15 at the Union Settlement at No. 211 East One Hundred and Fourth street, on "Town Planning, Housing and Public Health." Mr. Marsh is secretary of the Committee on Housing and Population.

FIFTH INCENDIARY BLAZE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—What the police declare to be the fifth incendiary lumber yard fire to occur in this city within three weeks to-day wiped out the plant of the Improved Manufacturing Company in the northwestern part of the city. The loss is estimated at \$50,000. Shortly before the fire was discovered a man was seen jumping the fence which surrounded the plant.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Clarence Astor, twenty, who says his father is a New York stock broker, with a summer home on Long Island, and a distant relative of W. W. Astor, is under arrest here for passing a worthless check for \$100 on the Kaiserhof Hotel. He was arrested after twelve hours yesterday. He failed to pay the \$50 charge.

LEFT TOOTHBRUSH WITH WIDOW AND DID SOME WOOLING

Mrs. Dunn Says Old Sweetheart Courtied With Threats of Quick Moving.

"If I hadn't gone back for my toothbrush," said Dan Daly, a young man in a chocolate-colored suit and a pea-green hat, in Harlem Court to-day, "I wouldn't be here now."

Mr. Daly was explaining to Magistrate Breen how he happened to appear at the apartments of Mrs. Ethel Dunn, at No. 157 West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, yesterday, and give her the alternative of marrying him or being hurled from the window, with her flat furnishings. Mrs. Dunn's aunt slipped out of the house while Mrs. Dunn, who is wealthy, was temporizing with Daly, and got a policeman who looked Daly up in the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station.

Mrs. Dunn had explained that Daly's appearance was a recrudescence of a "lover of boyhood days," as she called him. He had been calling on her ever since her husband, a well-to-do manufacturer, died two years ago, and constantly urged her to become Mrs. Daly, she said.

"Not a word of truth in that, Judge," interposed Daly. "I boarded there with her aunt, and quit when all she handed out for breakfast, lunch and dinner was liver and bacon and apple pie."

Then Daly made the Kernike explanation of how he came to be in the house yesterday, and added that he was the aggrieved party, as a man who was there, he said, had feloniously assaulted him with a hard, round fist.

"Don't send me away, Effie, please," pleaded Daly.

Later, Comiskey's sister, Mary Mc Bride, was locked up on a charge of receiving stolen goods. She was compelled to take six months' old infant with her to the station.

Magistrate Breen held Daly in bonds of \$500 to keep the peace, in default of which he was sent to Blackwell's Island.

Those were the last words he spoke as he left the earth. When the ropes were loosened the balloon shot upward, and before Prof. Kramer could unfasten the rope which held his parachute to the balloon he was hurled against the chimney. His chest was crushed by the blow.

The airship bounded along on the roof and collided with the steeple, dragging the unconscious balloonist. The rope which held the balloonist then broke and he fell to the roof of the church, rolled to the edge and plunged to the ground thirty feet below.

DEATH LIST MAY GROW.

Two Others Dying As Result of Albany Accident.

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—Mrs. William S. Mitchell, of No. 213 East Sixty-first street, New York City, is believed to be dying in the Albany Hospital, and the condition of Mrs. E. F. Albee is critical.

Mrs. Mitchell is mother of Mrs. Mabel Oakford, of Philadelphia, who died yesterday from injuries received when the Albee automobile plunged over a sixteen-foot embankment into Coeymans Creek, near here, night before last. Other members of the party, who were hurt in the accident, will recover.

Mr. Albee is manager of the Keith & Proctor vaudeville interests. The dead woman was his niece.

DROWNED IN GOWANUS CANAL.

An unidentified man walked down the pier at the foot of Fourth street, Brooklyn, early to-day and fell or jumped into Gowanus Canal and was drowned. He was about thirty years old. A slip of paper on the body had the address: 140 North Sixth street, Williamsburg.

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